



THE GREAT PLUMMER BREACH-OF-PROMISE CASE

A Mock Trial

BY

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"A GIRL'S SECRET," "COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN," ETC.

CHICAGO

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THE GREAT PLUMMER BREACH-OF PROMISE CASE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE WRIGHT	Justice of the Peac
BENJAMIN SCOGGS	Baili
ALONZO HIGHTY-TIGHTY	Defendar
ABIGAIL PLUMMER	
JOHN GOODMAN	Council for Plainti
JOE SHARPE	Council for Defendar
Mrs. Alonzo Highty-Tighty	A Spectato
JANE WALSH.	
LUCY WEBBER.	Witnesses for Plainti
BRIDGET O'ROONEY.	tr stricesco jor 1 saintig
MRS. CHARITY PLUMMER.	
MERCY LOVE.	Witnesses for Defendan
AMELIA OLDGIRL.	Winesses for Defendan

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following entertainment is designed for an entire evening and will be found very acceptable for church sociables, school exhibitions, or an evening at home. Very little stage scenery is actually required, and curtains are not needed at all. The judge's stand may consist simply of a table and chair, but it will be funnier to have a raised platform so that he will tower above all the other players. In arranging the seats for the various actors, be sure that one is not allowed to sit between another and the audience.

The lawyers and the judge may have their parts copied on documents of legal appearance, or upon leaves fastened in big law books, and thus by referring to their "authorities" they can refresh their memories without appearing to do so. This will save them considerable memorizing, an item of importance where there are so many lines to be spoken, and if it is well

done they will appear all the more lawyer-like.

As there is not much moving about the stage in this entertainment, those who take part in it should pay greater attention to the little things that help to make the lawsuit seem real. The witnesses who are not on the stand should not sit like wooden figure-heads until their time to speak has arrived, but they should constantly show the liveliest interest in what is taking place. For instance, the witnesses for one side should lose no opportunity to sneer, or doubt or look troubled over testimony given by the witnesses on the other side; but these opinions should not be expressed noisily, or in any way to divert the attention from the main scene except, perhaps, for a mere second. The idea is simply for every actor to be very much alive, thoroughly interested, and to feel his part to such an extent that the audience is forgotten.

When the witnesses hold up their hands to take the oath, the judge should speak in very distinct tones, enunciating carefully, and appearing so very solemn that the ridiculous oath seems all the funnier in comparison. A bald, fat and very pompous judge will add greatly to the amusement. If he takes snuff,

and goes to sleep occasionally, all the better.

The bailiff should be represented as nervous, anxious and

fussily important. He believes there could be no law administered unless he were there to keep order, and when he is not acting his part as indicated in the lines he should, by motions, head-shakes, facial contortions, and threatening movements of his gavel, be constantly trying to keep some one in order. In his zeal, he may even threaten the judge, but this should immediately be followed by a posture indicative of abject remorse.

Any one who has visited a court room when a closely contested case was in progress will understand what is required of the lawyers. Young men with very expressive voices will take these parts best, since their success will lie largely in their ability to lead the audience through their method of questioning their witnesses.

Mrs. Highty-Tighty should appear very young and emotional —even hysterical, at times. Once or twice she sobs aloud when

the testimony seems to be against her husband.

The various witnesses should study their parts carefully, and make them as distinctive as possible. Plaintiff and witnesses are all to be represented as old maids. Defendant is a dude, polite, well-dressed, and supercilious fellow, somewhat lacking in manliness. He should wear an eye-glass, carry a cane, and pet his moustache, and he should make it understood, without saying so, that his young wife's too evident fondness for him is something of a bore. It is intended that each character represented should be something of a caricature, yet a certain air of sincerity must be thrown over the proceedings, to make the spectators almost believe in the lawsuit even against the evidence of their senses.

If this is well done it will be found one of the funniest of entertainments, and one that may be repeated without becoming tiresome. As will be seen, the lines may easily be changed where local hits are to be worked in, and with this for a model, a lawsuit in which actual names are used might be constructed.

When this entertainment is given in a neighborhood where enough players may be had, there should be a jury, which might be seated near the judge's stand. This jury should be dressed to represent every nationality, and the one at the last end should be a "new woman" of the most pronounced type. A Chinaman should precede her, and a negro precede him. A drunkard might also be given a place. The deputy should bring in the jury, after all the others are seated, taking care to lead them the entire length of the stage. If it seems best to let some of them be given speaking parts, they may be allowed to ask for further enlightenment upon some point brought out.

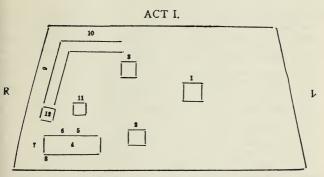
When the lawyers have occasion to address the court, they should take care to include the jury also. At the conclusion of the case the bailiff should escort the jury out of the room, and immediately bring them in again, when the foreman of the jury presents a folded paper to the judge. He asks them if they have reached a decision, and the foreman replies in the affirmative, then catches himself and adds that they have agreed to disagree. The judge reads from the paper. "We are all willing to acquit the defendant, except the woman. She won't agree." Then the judge motions the jury to be seated, and goes on with his closing address.

The play was prepared without reference to the jury because in the majority of cases it will be found difficult to get as many

actors as the addition of a jury would require.

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THE GREAT PLUMMER BREACH-OF-PROMISE CASE.



1. Judge's box. 2. Witness stand. 3. Table for bailiff. 4. Long table. 5. Chair for attorney for defendant. 6. Chair for defendant. 7. Chair for attorney for plaintiff. 8. Chair for plaintiff. 9. Seats for witnesses for plaintiff. 10. Seats for witnesses for plaintiff. 10. Seats for witnesses for defendant. 11. Mrs. Alonzo Highty-Tighty. 12. Mrs. Charity Plummer.

Curtain rises disclosing stage as per plan outlined. Benjamin Scoggs is dusting.

Scoggs. It is simply monstrous to expect a bailiff, in good standing, to do such work as this. I might as well be a janitor and be done with,—but how they would ever keep order in this court if 'twan't for me, well, they just couldn't keep it, that's all. Order is my strong hold. [Enter crowd of witnesses, L.] It is God's first law, and in keeping order I practice my religion, Now who comes here?

Mercy. Is this where the breach-of-promise case comes off?

Bailiff. [Pompously.] This is where the celebrated breachof-promise case is to be tried. Yes, madam,—er—ah—
mademoiselle.

Jane Walsh. Well, where do we sit?

Bailiff. How do I know? I am not supposed to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. Are you spectators or witnesses?

Mercy. I am a witness for the defendant, if you please, sir. Jane. [Scornfully.] You are? Well, thank Heaven I'm not. I speak for the plaintiff, poor dear.

Bailiff. [Briskly.] Witnesses for plaintiff sit here; wit-

nesses for defendant sit here. [Indicating seats.]

[All the witnesses seat themselves. Those for one side taking no pains to conceal their contempt for those on the other side. They talk together in low tones, paying no attention to the entrance of the other persons. Sharpe and Alonzo with Mrs. Alonzo, come in next, and take seats. Alonzo spends his time trying to get up a flirtation with the lady witnesses; Sharpe busies himself with reference books and legal documents. Bailiff is continually moving about in a most important way. Goodman comes in with Abigail on his arm, and seats her with great show of deference. She is in mourning and looks most unhappy. Her mother follows. closely, looking greatly concerned. After seating her, Goodman immediately becomes interested in books and pamphlets he has brought with him, in a bag. Lastly, the judge enters, looking the personification of importance. Attorneys rise and bow respectfully. Bailiff ostentatiously. helps judge to the throne-like structure arranged for him, then nearly falls over himself in his haste to bring a pitcher of fresh water, and a glass. The Judge seats chimself comfortably, then nods to Bailiff, who goes at one to his own table.]

Bailiff. [Rapping on table with his gavel, speaks in highpitched tones. Hear ye; hear ye; hear ye! This honorable court is now convened pursuant to adjournment.

Judge. We are now ready to take up the case of Plummer against Highty-Tighty-er-ah-[Stops, perplexed.] Plum-

mer against Highty-Tighty-

Goodman. [Standing.] Damages for blighted affections. your Honor. [Judge bows his thanks and seats himself.]

Bailiff. [Pompously.] Plaintiff, Abigail Plummer, are you present?

Abigail. [Scornfully.] Huh. Losing your eyesight, Benjamin Scoggs? [Witnesses laugh.]

Bailiff. [Rapping on table.] Order in the court. Plaintiff, Abigail Plummer, are you present? [Goodman whispers to Abigail.]

Abigail. [Shortly.] Oh, I'm here.

Bailiff. Defendant, Alonzo Highty-Tighty, are you present?

Alonzo. I am present.

Judge. Council for plaintiff, John Goodman, you may now

state your case.

Goodman. Your Honor, I propose, with the help of these witnesses, to prove that this—this creature who calls himself a man,-this representative from that most despicable class of humanity, the professional heart-breaker—has once more been guilty of a wrong that brings him within the pale of criminal procedure. And such a wrong! What punishment can be too great for one so guilty! The heart, your Honor, is our most treasured gift from God. From the smallest insect up to man -the most perfect of God's creatures-the heart reigns supreme in every living body. Without the heart there can be no life. The more perfect the heart, the more perfect the little kingdom over which it reigns. We may lose our eyes, our limbs, a kidney or a lung, and not lose life; but remove the heart, and of what further use is the body?—except, perhaps, as a fertilizer, and even in that capacity it cannot greatly contribute to the happiness of the soul for which it has been fashioned. Your Honor, it is a terrible thing to break a human heart. [Abigail and her friends weep.] It is wrong and cruel to use so precious a treasure as a child uses a toy, and a punishment could hardly be devised that would be too severe for a man who finds his enjoyment in breaking that which no mortal will ever know how to replace. That this man-Alonzo Highty-Tighty-is guilty will surely be proven to your impartial mind long before we have finished our examination of these noble women who have come to the assistance of my suffering client. With the court's permission, we will now listen to the testimony of Miss Jane Walsh.

Bailiff. Miss Jane Walsh will now take the witness stand.

[Fane obeys.]

Judge. Hold up your right hand. [Jane obeys.] Jane Walsh, do you swear by the honorable cabbages that grew in your grandfather's garden that while giving testimony in this court you will tell the exact truth in so far as you are able to recognize it?

Jane. I never swear.

Judge. Do you then make your most solemn affirmation, not forgetting the cabbages in your grandfather's garden?

Jane. [Solemnly.] I do.

Goodman. Miss Walsh, it is a fact, is it not, that you are personally acquainted with both the plaintiff and the defendant?

Jane. I know Abigail Plummer and Lon Highty-Tighty, if that's what you mean—know 'em 'most as well as I do my own mother,—and when Abigail said to me as how she was goin'

teh marry Lon, I said, says I, Abigail-

Sharpe. [Rising.] I object, your Honor. I presume it may be the plan of my learned opponent to allow his witnesses to retail all the petty gossip of the neighborhood; but is such a scandalous proceeding to be permitted?

Judge. Miss Walsh, please remember that you are to con-

fine yourself closely to the questions asked you.

Jane. Wa'al, ain't that jest what I'm doin'? I s'pose I'm here teh tell what I know 'bout this case, an' as I was sayin', when Abigail told me as how she was goin' teh marry Lon, I said, says I, Abigail—

Judge. Bailiff, have you prepared the gags?

Bailiff. I have, your Honor.

Judge. [Severely.] It must be distinctly understood that any witness who becomes unruly is to be gagged. The attor-

ney for plaintiff will now continue.

Goodman. Miss Walsh, in so far as that is possible I prefer to have you reply in monosyllables. You may now tell the court, if you please, in what year Miss Plummer and Mr.

Highty-Tighty were first looked upon as lovers.

Jane. Let me see—this is 1901. [Checks off on fingers,] Engagement broken—other girl—loss of property—engagement—return from the Klondyke four years in Alaska—one year before that, ten in all. Ten from 1901 leaves 1891. [Raises head and looks at Judge,] It was in 1891. Afore that, they'd been jest plain ev'ryday sort o' friends.

Goodman. In 1891, then, Mr. Highty-Tighty began paying

pretty close attention to Miss Plummer.

Jane. Yes; everybody spoke of him as Abigail's "steady." Yeh see, her daddy was pretty well fixed.

Goodman. [Hastily.] For how long did they keep com-

pany?

Jane. One whole year; then he went to the Klondyke.

Goodman. Were they engaged to be married?

Jane. Not then; but the way they writ back an' forth raised

our post-office from "dubious fourth" class up to "third class an' gainin'." [Witnesses laugh.]

Bailiff. Order in the court.

Goodman. And when Mr. Highty-Tighty returned from Alaska?

Jane. When he returned he was worse busted than afore he went, an' Abigail had practically been kept out o' the marriage market for five years. They went together, howsoever, jest as they had afore he went away, an' at the end of another year, their engagement was pronounced.

Goodman. Announced?

Jane. Pronounced; yes sir, An' Abigail was that tickled that yeh could see the sun strike her teeth long afore yeh knowed she was comin'. But I never had no patience with sech dilly-dallyin', an' when she told me as how she was goin' teh marry Lon, I said, says I, Abigail-

Sharpe. Objected to as incompetent, immaterial and irrele-

vant.

Judge. Objection sustained.

Goodman. Were you the only one whom Miss Plummer told of her engagement?

Jane. Laws, no. There w'a n't a soul in that county-Abigail. That isn't so, Jane. I only told my dearest friends.

Bailiff. [Pounding table.] Order! Order in the court! Goodman. And Mr. Higty-Tighty acknowledged the engagement?

Jane. Sure, Yeh see, her pa was pretty well fixed at that

time, an' Lon was busted-

Goodman. [Hastily.] How long did the engagement last? Jane. About a year. She oughtn't teh have let it run on like that, an' I said to her, says I, Abigail-

Goodman. And then the engagement was suddenly broken

without good and sufficient reason?

Jane. It was suddenly broken off, all right; but as teh the good an' sufficient reason, don't that depend on which side o' the reason yeh be?

Goodman. Answer my question, please, and without argu-

ment. Answer yes or no.

Jane. How can I when I don't know who's judgin' the reason?

Goodman. [Impatiently.] The engagement was broken suddenly—yes or no?

Jane. Yes.

Goodman. By Miss Plummer?

Jane. [Sarcastically.] By Miss Plummer! Wouldn't that make yeh tired! An' she so broke up over it that a ten quart pail couldn't 'a' held her tears. But it all came out jest as I knowed it would—jest as I had predicted when she told me as how she was goin' teh marry Lon, an' I said, says I, Abigail—

Judge. Bailiff, bring the gag. [Bailiff obeys, taking a posi

tion directly behind Jane.

Goodman. Now answer briefly and to the point, please. The engagement was broken by Mr. Highty-Tighty, was it not?

Jane. [Looking over ker shoulder at Bailiff.] Yes, 'twas. Goodman. My revered opponent may take the witness.

Jane. [Anxiously.] Where to?

Sharps. I understand, Miss Walsh, that you have known the parties most interested in this case since they were children?

Jane. [Glancing at Bailiff.] Yes.

Sharpa. Since Miss Plummer was ten years old?

Jane. 'Bout that, I reckon.

Sharpe. That is to say, you've known her for twenty years, and you are about forty.

Jane. [Indignantly.] Who said Abigail Plummer wa'an't

more'n thirty?

Sharpe. [As if surprised.] Is she?

Goodman. I object on the ground that this is not proper cross-examination. I move to have the answer stricken out.

Jane. [Before Judge can reply.] I'd hate teh be hangin' since she's turned thirty-eight.

Judge. Objection sustained. Answer stricken out.

Sharpe. You say that previous to 1891 Miss Plummer and Mr. Highty-Tighty had been just plain, everyday sort of friends.—Those were your exact words, I believe,—plain everyday sort of friends.

Jane. Yes, I guess I said something about like that.

Sharpe. [Sharply.] You guess! Don't you know you said it? If you didn't say that, what did you say? Can you tell me that?

Jane. [Calmly.] No, if I didn't say that I can't tell you

what I did say.

Sharpe. Well, what did you mean by it—everyday sort of friends?

Jane. I don't know as I can tell you, exactly. Sharpe. Well, come as near to it as you can.

Jane. S'posin' we say, jist fer 'xample, that me an' you are plain, everyday sort of friends—no kissin' an huggin' awteen us, yeh know—jist perlite to each other an' so on. I don't care who you marry, an' you don't care who marries me. [Witnesses laugh.]

Bailiff. [Hurrying to the table, raps on it violently.]

Order in the court!

Sharpe. [Impatiently.] Well?

Jane. That's all. I've 'xplained it.

Sharpe. And that was the nature of the relation between

Miss Plummer and Mr. Highty-Tighty-

Jane. Afore 1891. Then it got teh be different—moonin' round, 'yeh know, an' makin' eyes, an'—sighin', an' holdin' hands under the table—

Sharpe. That will do. Goodman. That will do.

Bailiff Witness may now step down.

Jane. I'll step where I like, Ben Scoggs, an' when I like an' how I like fer all o' you, an' yeh can't use the gag when I'm only settin' [Sits very straight.] an' not speakin.'

Judge. Call the next witness. [Fane walks to her seat

with head very erect.]

Goodman. We will now call Bridget O'Rooney.

Bailiff. Miss Bridget O'Rooney will take the witness stand. [Bridget obeys.]

Judge. Hold up your right hand. [Bridget holds up left.]

No, no, your right hand.

Bridget. But it's left-handed that Oi am, y'r-oner. It is

a back-handed oath yeh'd have me be afther takin'?

Judge. The oath will be all right. Hold up your right hand. [Bridget obeys.] Now, Bridget O'Rooney, in memory of the pigs and the praties, the bogs and shillalahs of old Ireland, will you, while on this witness-stand, stick to the plain unvarnished truth as that porous plaster sticks to your back?

Bridget. [Scratching her back.] Yez kin jist bet I will,

y'r-oner.

Goodman. You may tell the court, if you please, how you get your living.

Bridget. I'm the scrub-lady in the kitchen of the Plummers, Goodman. You have other duties besides scrubbing, do you not?

Bridget. Shure an' I do. Did yez take me fer a lady o' laisure?

Goodman. How long have you worked for Mrs. Plummer?

Bridget. Iver sense I wint there, in course. There's niver
a wan as kin call Biddy O'Rooney a shirk.

Goodman. You don't understand. I mean how many

months----

Bridget. Oh. Better nor five years, sorr. Goodman. You attend the door, do you not? Bridget. Yis, sorr, when it nades tindin'.

Goodman. Then you are in a position to tell me how frequently Mr. Highty-Tighty has been in the habit of calling upon Miss Plummer.

Sharpe. I object.

Judge. Objection overruled.

Goodman. [To Bridget.] You may answer my question.

Bridget. Ivery avenin' he coomed in stoile wid a bookay, or a box o' candy, or mebbe a bit o' fruit, an' only the howly Virgin knows how long he stayed; thin he'd drap in, onsarimonious, as yez moight say,—Oh, most anny time o' day at all, at all, and thin he'd make hisself teh home jist zit the praste, bless his swate name,—had a 'riddy tied the two tehgither.

Sharpe. Your Honor, I object.

Bridget. Y'roner, Abigal didn't objick at all, at all.

Judge. Objection overruled. Goodman. That will do. Sharps. No questions.

Bailiff. Witness will step down. [Bridget takes seat.]

Goodman. Miss Lucy Webber.

Bailiff. Miss Lucy Webber will now take the witness stand.

[Lucy obeys.]

Judge. Hold up your right hand. [Obeys.] Lucy Webber, in full and complete and solemn, ever-present, palpitating realization of the undeviating, uncompromising, unmitigated fact that liars have been struck by lightning, do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth while here on this witness stand?

Lucy. [With great solemnity.] I do so promise, so help

me, George Washington.

Goodman. You are personally acquainted, are you not, with Mr. Alonzo Highty-Tighty?

Lucy. [Slowly.] I am personally acquainted with Mr.

Alonzo Highty-Tighty.

Goodman. Do you remember having any conversation with that gentleman, shortly after Mr. Plummer's failure, in which Mr. Highty-Tighty declared that Mr. Plummer's failure made

marriage with Mr. Plummer's daughter quite out of the question?

Sharpe. [Rising.] Your Honor, I object on the ground that no proper foundation has been laid for a question of this character. It is hearsay evidence. It is mere gossip. Without doubt a dozen or more neighborhood newsmongers might appear here with evidence quite as convincing; but shall precious time be so absolutely wasted-shall the court, itself, be insulted by such old-woman-sewing-bee gossip? [Resumes seat.]

Goodman. [Rising.] Your Honor, I propose to prove by this witness that defendant did publily acknowledge his engagement to plaintiff, and that he did admit to this lady, whose reputation for truth is absolutely above reproach, that because of Mr. Plummer's failure he could not carry out his agreement with Miss Plummer. I am sure your Honor will see the justice of my position without referring to the celebrated cases-Wipesides vs. Cornstalk, Chase vs. Ketchum, and Fox vs. Gander, in all of which similar questions were allowed.

Judge. Objection overruled.

Goodman. [To Lucy.] You may answer my question.

Lucy. [In funereal accents.] I do remember having a conversation with Mr. Highty-Tighty shortly after Mr. Plummer's failure began to be talked about.

Goodman. You may tell the court about it. Lucy. [Mournfully.] Must I tell it all? Goodman. Tell it exactly as you remember it.

Lucy. [More mournfully.] I was sitting in the arbor, and Mr. Highty-Tighty came and sat close beside me-very close with his arm across the back of the seat-and his fingers tapping, gently tapping, on my shoulder, and-

Mrs. Highty-Tighty. [Excitedly.] She lies. I don't be-

lieve a word of it.

Bailiff. Order in the court.

Mrs. H.-T. Well, I don't. Just look at her. Do you suppose my Alonzo would hug a tombestone, like that?

Bailiff. [Jumping up and down in his excitement.]

Order, order! If ye can't keep still, yeh'll get put out.

Lucy. [Unmoved.] I wasn't used to it, never having had brothers, and I felt all warm and—and very good—but it didn't hurt my memory, and I can tell every word he said. "You mustn't," I said, "long's you're engaged to Abigail." "I need a good friend," he replied, - "some-one who will tell me what to do, for I'm feeling very badly." "Well," I said, "I don't see any harm in being your friend," and then I snuggled up a little closer, for I never sat that way before, and he said it was an act of true friendship.

Mrs. H.-T. Hear that old hen lie.

Bailiff. [Wiping his face with a red bandanna, while he uses the gavel with the other hand.] Order in the court!

Sharpe. I object to this testimony. It belongs to the kin-

dergarten class.

Judge. Better let her tell her story in her own way.

Lucy. Then Lonnie—I mean—Mr. Highty-Tighty told me how poor he was, not a penny to his name, and he asked me how a man in his position could marry a poor wife. "Why," said he, "neither one of us could support the other, and who is there in all this cold, cruel world who would support us?"

Goodman. And then?

Lucy. [Confused.] Then—then—he—he kissed me—kissed

my hand----

Mrs. H.-T. [Starts toward Lucy. Other witnesses hold her back.] Let me go! Let me go! I want to scratch her eyes out!

Bailiff. [Pulls off rubber, and with that in one hand and gavel in the other, beats a tune on his desk, and chants.] Order in the court, order in the court, order in the court! Out will go you all unless we have it. [Wipes brow. Speaks in an aside.] When I sing they think they've got to mind.

Lucy. And I said "For shame, sir, and you engaged to Abigail," and then he said, "But, my dear little friend, I am not engaged to Abigail. I could not do her such a cruel injustice,

and when I learned of her father's loss-"

Sharpo. [Excitedly.] I object! I object, I say! I object!
Lucy. [Raising her voice.] "I severed myself from Abigail—" [While she screams this, the Judge's lips work violently but no words are heard.]

Goodman. The calm and dignified, unimpeachable, irreproachable and infallible council for the defendant may now

take the witness.

Sharpe. [Suavely.] I should like to ask, Miss Webber, although after having seen you the question seems superfluous, but just to satisfy these good people, who do not understand you as I do, I should like to ask if you believe in flirtation.

Lucy. [Primly.] No, sir, I do not.

Sharpe. It is exactly what I knew you would say, and in view of that fact, I feel that my next question must appear absolutely unpardonable. [Lucy smiles.] But after the testi-

mony you have just given, you know, my dear young lady, there are always those who seem to take a malicious delight in misjudging-ah-girls, and for your own sake I must have your answer to this question. [Speaks confidentially.] Have you ever flirted?

Lucy. [Indignantly.] No, sir, I never have.

Sharpe. And you really could not say, from personal experience, what a flirtation was like?

Lucy. I've read in novels.

Sharpe. [Insinuatingly.] But from personal experience? Lucy. And lots of girls have told me.

Sharpe. But from personal experience?

Lucy. From personal experience I don't know anything about it. [Witnesses nudge one another, and giggle.]

[Ecstatically.] Such virgin purity and honor! Do you know, my dear young lady, that is exactly what I knew you would say? Now let a cruel, critical world do its worst, by your own testimony you stand vindicated. [Lucy crosses her hands on her breast and wears seraphic smile.] Now, being as innocent as you are of the unprincipled wiles of designing men, might it not be barely possible that Alonzo Highty-Tighty was flirting with you?

Lucy. [Violently.] Nothing of the sort.

Sharpe. But he kissed your hand and your cheek, and the little soft double chin.

Lucy. [Rising angrily.] You insult me, sir; I never told

you that.

Sharpe. [Soothingly.] There, there, don't get excited. No one has anything but admiration for so exalted a character, and it is to a lady's credit not to know when a man is flirting with her. As for the kissing, you are not to blame for that, and by George, [With a long look of admiration.] I don't know that he is either. Had I been in his place, I'm not sure that even I could have resisted the temptation. [Lucy simpers.] And so he kissed the little hand, and just brushed his moustache across the double chin.

Lucy. No, the moustache came close to my mouth. [Stops,

confused.

Mrs. H .- T. [Breaks from friends, and runs toward Lucy.]

Oh, just let me get my hands on her hair!

Abigail. [Wailing.] Oh, Alonzo, Alonzo, to think of such perfidy. [Weeps, and her mother hastens to her side with smelling salts.]

Bailiff. [Drags Mrs. H.-T. back to her chair and seats her

with more force than gallantry.] There! Now stay put [Hurries to desk, and uses gavel.] Or-r-r-der in the court!

Sharpe. But you didn't think he was proposing marriage: [With sudden change of voice.] Be careful, now. Did you think he was proposing marriage, and your poor dear friend Abigail——

Lucy. [Frightened.] I-I didn't know.

Sharpe. Be careful now. Remember that your reputa-

Goodman. Your Honor, is this—this cad to browbeat my witness to his fiendish satisfaction?

Judge. [Rousing from cat-nap.] No browbeating of witnesses.

Sharpe. [Softly.] Answer my question, Miss Webber.

Lucy. I—you see—I didn't know what might happen if his engagement to Abigail was—was really broken.

Sharpe. [Rubbing his hands with satisfaction.] That will do.

Bailiff. Witness may step-

Goodman. One moment, please. Miss Webber, you never had any doubts, I presume, as to Mr. Highty-Tighty's engagement to Miss Plummer?

Lucy. Not until—until he kissed me—and then—

Goodman. That will do.

Sharpe. And then he told you, did he not, that he had never been engaged to her?

Goodman. Your Honor, I object, on the ground that he has confused the witness, and is practically dictating her replies.

Judge. I really do not see it that way. Objection over-ruled.

Sharpe. [To Lucy.] You may answer my question. Did he not tell you that he had never been really engaged to Abigail Plummer?

Lucy. He said he had never loved her—[Goodman looks triumphant, witnesses for his side clap their hands. Abigail faints; her mother attends her. Mrs. H.-T. jumps up and down and claps her hands for joy. Sharpe frowns. Bailift tries in vain to obtain order.] never loved her, but that she loved him to distraction—[There is a pronounced sensation in favor of Sharpe.] distraction, and that the fact of her father's wealth had influenced him more than it should—[Another sudden change in attitude of listeners.] more than it should, but now he knew what love was.

Mrs H.-T. He meant me.

Lucy. [In loud, even tones, with finger pointed toward Mrs. H.-T.] He meant me, but she had more money than I. [Mrs. H.-T. faints. There is general confusion, during which Bailiff leads Lucy to her seat, marching as if he had arrested her. Then he resumes his place, calls order, and nods to Goodman, who has been talking without being heard.]

Bail ff. Order in the court! Mrs. Charity Plummer will now

take the witness stand. [Mrs. P. obeys.]

Judge. Hold up your right hand. [Mrs. P. obeys.] Mrs. Charity Plummer, do you, in mournful recollection of the four husbands whom you have buried, and the other poor wanderers from whom you have been divorced, do you solemnly promise to prevaricate—nit—while before this honorable body?

Mrs. P. I do, and I'd like to say, right here, that I wasn't the one who broke the promises prior to those half dozen di-

vorce cases.

Goodman. Mrs. Plummer, you may state your relationship to the plaintiff.

Mrs. P. I am Abigail's mother. Abigail is my daughter. Goodman. You are personally acquainted with Mr. Highty-Tighty, are you not?

Mrs. P. Yes, I am, but I wish he'd gone to Tophet before

ever we saw him.

Goodman. When did you first see him?

Mrs. P. In 1891,—I mean 1901—1709—I don't mean that at all. He wasn't more'n two minutes old when I first saw him. A nasty, little, red, squirming, squalling young one. [General laughter. Highty-Tighty looks confused.]

Bailiff. Order! I say, order, order, order!

Goodman. You've known him, then, ever since he was born?
Mrs. P. Yes, he was a dirty-nosed, freckled-faced, lazy imp
of a boy.

Sharpe. Your Honor, I object. I cannot have my client

abused in this manner.

Judge. The witness will cork up her adjectives, or admit the gag. | Bailiff waves gag ostentatiously.]

Goodman. As a young man, he was more prepossessing,

was he not?

Mrs. P. The girls seemed to think so, but to me he always looked like a lazy, good-for-nothing pup. [Claps hand over her mouth, and looks at Bailiff uneasily. He dangles the gag in the air over his desk. I mean he isn't the sort of man I should have wanted to marry. And when he asked if he might have my daughter——

Goodman. When did Mr. Highty-Tighty ask permission to pay attention to Miss Abigail?

Mrs. P. He never asked permission.

Goodman. But I thought you said-

Mrs. P. He has paid attention to her ever since she weaned him from the bottle and taught him how to drink out of a teacup.

Goodman. But you say that he asked permission.

Mrs. P. He came in one evening, like a great calf, and said he and Abigail were engaged to be married, and would I give my consent. And I said, "Oh, get out of my way. You got engaged without my consent, and I presume you would marry without it if I withheld it, so you might as well consider it yours."

Goodman. And when was this?

Mrs. P. In 1899. Lon said he'd like to live with us to keep us from being lonesome, and I spent fifty dollars fixing up the front room. They said they were going to be married right away, and so nearly three hundred dollars went into clothes for Abigail. [Stops suddenly as she catches sight of the gag which the bailiff is again dangling ostentatiously, then turns, angrily, to Judge.] Why don't you make him put that thing down? I haven't said anything, have I? Didn't you want me to tell what I knew about this case?

Judge. [Leaning forward.] We want you, Mrs. Plummer, to answer the questions asked you in the most direct manner

possible.

Mrs. P. Well, make him put that old gag down. Huh! Scoggs! Ben Scoggs! Why, I've done sugar up in rags for him many and many a time.

Goodman. [Hastily interposing.] Then you are prepared to swear, Mrs. Plummer, that in 1900 Mr. Highty-Tighty made a formal application for your daughter's hand in marriage?

Mrs. P. I could swear it on a stack of bibles a mile high.
Goodman. You are willing to swear that, with his knowledge and consent, you then began making preparations for the

wedding?

Mrs. P. Yes, and I lent him forty-five dollars to get a wedding suit, and he hasn't paid it back yet. [Sensation in the court room. Bailiff restores order.]

Goodman. And then?

Mrs. P. And then we heard that he had eloped with Jennie Briggs and married her.

Goodman. Without breaking his engagement with your

daughter?

Mrs. P. [Sarcastically.] That was the honorable gentleman's very honorable way of breaking his engagement.

Goodman. My high-minded and infallible opponent may

now take the witness.

You call yourself Mrs. Charity Plummer, I believe. Sharpe.

Mrs. P.

Sharpe. Are you sure that is your name? Mrs. P. Why shouldn't I be sure of it?

But are you? Sharpe. Of course I am. Mrs. P.

Sharpe.

Now, don't be in a hurry. Take plenty of time to think. Are you sure your name is Mrs. Charity Plummer?

Mrs. P. [Confused.] I-I-

Sharpe. How were you christened? Mrs. P. Charity Kylekiover.

Sharpe. Then you married—whom? Mrs. P. Henry Peterson.

Sharpe. And he died?

Mrs. P. Yes.
Sharpe. And then?
Mrs. P. I married Joe Plummer.

Sharpe. And he died?

Mrs. P. Ran away.

Sharpe. And you got a divorce, and married?

Mrs. P. See here, John Goodman, am I on trial for breach-

of-promise, or is Lon Highty-Tighty?

Goodman. [Rising.] Your Honor, I object to this line of cross-examination. It is irrelevant, immaterial, and impudent. We are not here to dissect Mrs. Plummer's character, but to ascertain to what extent the affections of Mrs. Plummer's

daughter have been damaged.

Sharpe. [Rising.] Your Honor, it is right and proper that I should know who I am cross-examining. Why it is yet to be proven that this good lady ever had a daughter, and I have proof that Miss Abigail Plummer is not the daughter of Joe Plummer, who was this lady's second husband. I wish to prove that Charity Kylekiover married, successively, Henry Peterson, Joe Plummer, George Rockwood, John Bowers, Willis Donaldson, Maurice Black, and Charles Austin; that some of her husbands are dead, and some living-

Mrs. P. I admit all that. Now you shut up. [Laughter

and hisses.

Bailiff. Order in the court !

Judge. Objection is overruled; but the council for the de-

fendant will please understand that time is not to be wasted in trying to prove what the witness has already admitted. She married all the men, as per list to be hereafter submitted. Now proceed.

Sharpe. Why do you call yourself by the second husband's name in preference to that you bore when living with the

seventh?

Mrs. P. I got permission from the court when I was divorced from Charles Austin. In studying them from a safe distance I considered Joe Plummer the most likely one of the lot, and he may come back to me any day.

Sharpe. Miss Abigail is your daughter?

Mrs. P. [Impatiently.] Heavens to Betsey, yes. [Speaking very fast.] She is my first husband's child—all the child I ever had. She's had measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough and mumps, and she's been vaccinated three times. Anything more you want to know?

Sharpe. Yes, Mrs. Plummer, there is one thing more I want to know, and that is this: By what right did you impose Abigail Peterson on a credulous and unsuspecting world as Abigail

Plummer?

Mrs. P. That's easy. Joe Plummer adopted her as his own. [Mrs. P. looks triumphant. Sharpe looks crestfallen. Everybody laughs. Judge smiles behind his hand. Bailiff goes off into silent paroxysm of laughter.] It was all done by law, Mr. Joe Sharpe, just as good law as anything you've got in youthead, and that's why I got the court to give me back the name of Plummer. I wanted to wear the same name as Abigail. [Before the bailiff has quieted the court room, Mrs. Plummer walks to her seat, with her chin held well forward.]

Goodman. [With nod to Bailiff.] Miss Abigail Plummer.

Bailiff. Miss Abigail Plummer will now take the witness

stand. [Goodman escorts Abigail to seat.]

Judge. Hold up your right hand. [Abigail obeys.] Abigail Peterson Plummer, do you, in presence of these witnesses here assembled, and in full and unwavering knowledge of the awful fact that it takes two to make a wedding, do you agree to tell as much of the truth as seems consistent with this evening's entertainment?

Abigail. [Fervently.] I do. Oh, how I do!

Goodman Miss Plummer, I wish you would tell the court about this affair just as you have told it to me.

Abigail. Oh, I can't. I don't know where to begin. It is all so terrible, and so very—so very hopeless.

Goodman. When did you first begin to think of Mr. Highty-

Tighty as dearer than a friend-er-eh-a brother?

Abigail. I think I have always looked upon him as belonging to me. You see, I am a little older than Alonzo, and it was my pleasure and privilege to teach him to walk and talk, and to protect him, while small, from any danger. To care for him and make him happy became my mission in life, and he always said he should not consider life worth living if it were not for me. Why, only a little while before he-[With emotion.] he married, he sent me this. [Takes letter from pocket, and

hands it to Goodman.]

Goodman. [Reading aloud.] "My dearest, sweetest, most precious little Abigail. [Mrs. H.-T. shows signs of rising excitement.] We must be married. There is no other way in which I can give you back a modicum of the tender care you so generously lavished upon me in our childhood days. We are children no longer, my darling, and the world loves to gossip. The only way it will let me care for you and make you happy is for me to give you the protection of my name, and the sooner you will consent to marry me the happier you will make your adoring Lonnie." [Great excitement.] Hum! It is certainly as ardent an epistle as one could well desire,

Mrs. H.-T. Alonzo Highty-Tighty, did you write that stuff

to that—that female? [She is surrounded, and quieted.]

Bailiff. Order in the court !

Judge. Bailiff, if order cannot be obtained in any other way, you may clear the court room.

Abigail. Let me have it. [Reaches for letter.] It is very

precious to me. [Kisses it and puts it in pocket.]

Goodman. Then you bear no ill-feeling toward Mr. Highty-

Tighty?

Abigail. None, whatever. I shall always love him. He was sent me as a mission in life. I could have made a man of him, [Suppressed laughter.] and I cannot love the creature who stole him from me. She did not do it for love of him, but for love of his money, and in bringing this trial I punished her in the only way she would feel. [While Abigail makes this speech, Goodman tries to make her stop, but she pays no attention to his pantomimic warning.]

Goodman. When you heard of Mr. Highty-Tighty's mar-

riage what effect did it have on your physical condition?

Abigail. I have been a wreck from that moment. doctors call it nervous prostration. I know my heart is lacerated. [Sobs.] He is all I have ever had to love. I have been

robbed of my mission. I have nothing to live for. Without me, he will be like a blighted rosebud—he will never grow into a real manly man—and to witness his rapid dissolution will break my heart—[Clasps hands over heart.]—will break my poor heart into quivering, suffering smithereens. [Intense excitement among other witnesses.] I cannot bear it. [Wildly.] and I will not. Give me some poison,—some chloroform—plant a bullet in my heart! [Mrs. Plummer rushes to her daughter's assistance.] Oh, put me out of this misery, for I long to be at rest. [Sinks back in faint. Abigail's witnesses weep. Bailiff and Goodman carry her out of room, her mother following closely. All those who remain talk together in low tones, and excitedly. When Goodman and Bailiff return there is a sudden hush, and Jane Walsh's voice is plainly heard.]

Jane. I'd like teh see the man as could hurt my heart.

[General laughter.]

Bailiff. Order in the court. Goodman. Plaintiff rests.

Sharpe. [Rising.] Your Honor, it grieves me to appear here, against a lady, and in a case like this. I had a mother, sir, and because of her, I reverence womanhood, and deplore any departure from that womanly purity and modesty which in her dear heart found its most congenial home. But, your Honor, my watchword is justice—justice, sir,—absolute justice, and I cannot see a man abused, even though the abuse be heaped upon him by one of the gentler sex. Your Honor, my client, Alonzo Highty-Tighty, has been most shamefully treated, and by one from whom he had every right to expect friendly consideration. Before we have finished our examination of these witnesses it will be proven to the entire satisfaction of all concerned that Alonzo Highty-Tighty has never been anything less than a gentleman in his treatment of Miss Plummer, that he was released from his unfortunate relationship with her, by her own act, and that when he married the charming lady of his heart he was free from all other entanglements. To quote from my esteemed contemporary, in his brilliant opening address will serve my purpose nicely, and relieve you from the necessity of listening to sentences less perfectly framed. [Refers to notes.] "The heart," he said, "is our most treasured gift from God. From the smallest insect up to man-the most perfect of God's creatures—the heart reigns supreme in every living body." Then, you remember, he told how necessary is the heart to every living organism, how desirable that it should

be perfect, and how, with a broken heart the body is soon reduced to a condition in which it is only good for fertilizing purposes. In all that glowing rhapsody, your Honor, there is not one word that any thoughtful man would care to dispute. It is as true as truth, itself. But, your Honor, my learned opponent did not carry his argument to any legitimate conclusion. He failed to convince us that the female heart should be protected, and the male heart wantonly ruined. He failed to make us understand that the heart of one person-providing she happened to be his client-was of greater value than the hearts of two persons who happened, we will say, to employ me. Is it because he believes the world to be in need of fertilizers that he is willing to sacrifice two hearts instead of one? The very thought is an insult to the intelligence of the court. Your Honor, I stand for justice. I believe a man's heart is as valuable as a woman's heart, any day, and that there is as much reason for protecting men from designing women as there is for protecting women from designing men. That my client suffered for years the persecutions of a designing woman, I am now prepared to prove by the help of witnesses whose testimony could not possibly be impeached. [To Bailiff.] Call Mr. Highty-Tighty. [Sits, wiping perspiration from brow.]

Bailiff. Mr. Alonzo Highty-Tighty will now take the wit-

ness stand. [Alonzo obeys.]

Judge. Hold up your right hand. [Alonzo obeys.] Alonzo Highty-Tighty, you understand, do you not, that a chemical oxidation of food lies at the basis of all vital activity? [Alonzo nods, and supports right elbow in left hand. Then, will you swear by the protoplasm from which was evolved your monkey ancestors that you will tell the truth, while in this court room,—the truth, and nothing but the truth?

Alonzo. I most gladly embrace this opportunity to swear.

[Draws a long breath.] Dammit.

Sharpe. Mr. Highty-Tighty, you may tell the court, if you please, how long you have known Miss Abigail Plummer [Abigail and mother return to their places.]

Alonzo. Thirty years.

Sharpe. How old were you when you first met her?

Alonzo. I cannot say from personal recollection, but according to what I have been told, I was two weeks old at that first meeting, and she was celebrating her tenth birthday. My mother jokingly offered me to her as a birthday gift, and from that moment she regarded me as her especial property.

Sharpe. And how, may I ask, did you regard her?

Alonzo. As a sort of combination friend and foster-mother. I went to her with all my troubles as freely as I went to my mother.

Sharpe. When did you first realize that her feeling for you was of a more ardent nature than were your sentiments toward her?

Alonzo. When I returned from Alaska, one year ago.

Abigail. [Moaning.] Oh, how dreadfully my poor darling lies. That's what comes of living with——

Bailiff. Order in the court.

Abigail. [In loud whisper.] That female. Sharpe. And when you discovered that?

Alonzo. I was simply dumfounded. I did not know what to do. I wanted to kill myself. I felt that I couldn't hurt that poor creature's feelings, she who had been my best friend for so many years. It was a terrible predicament, sir, a terrible predicament. There seemed but one course that I could honorably pursue, and that was to ask her to marry me. The letter she gave Mr. Goodman to read shows how I tried to act up to that conviction; but you will notice that it contains no word of love. I could honorably ask her to marry me, but I could not in honor, declare that I loved her as a man should love his wife. I had thought of her too long as a darling old foster-mother.

Sharpe. Then you admit your engagement to Miss Plummer?

Alonzo. I do.

Sharpe. And then?

Alonzo. Then I had the sweet misfortune to fall in love. [Looks at his wife and smiles. She throws a kiss.] It came upon me quite unexpectedly, like a blow from an angel's wing. Abigail saw that I was unhappy, and asked the reason, and I told her. Perhaps I should not have done that, but I have always gone to her with my troubles, you know. She taught me to do so. It had become the habit of a lifetime.

Sharpe. And then?

Alonzo. She became quite angry, and said some hard things about Mrs. Highty-Tighty; or Miss Briggs, as she was then called; but I bore with her patiently, knowing that she suffered. It was terrible to me to think that she suffered, and I regretted having done what she had taught me to believe was right. I think now that it would have been better had I deceived her.

Sharpe. Did you ask to be released from your engagement

to her?

Alonzo. Oh, no; nor had I any thought of breaking my word to her. I had fully decided that the only honorable way for me was to marry Abigail, and suffer in silence.

Sharpe. Then why did you tell her of your love? Please

make that very clear to the court.

Alonzo. I told her because that seemed to me the only honorable course to pursue. I had never had a secret that I did not share with her. She was my second mother, you know. She had made me promise never to have a secret from her. Besides, as my promised wife she was entitled to share my every thought.

Sharpe. What did she say to your confession?

Alonzo. She told me to get out of her sight, immediately—that she never wanted to look upon my face again.

Sharpe. Did you believe her to be in earnest?

Alonzo. Did I believe her to be in earnest? Mr. Sharpe, it is evident that you never saw Miss Abigail Plummer in a temper. I knew her to be in earnest, and I believed that the quicker I got out of her sight the better it would be for all concerned, so I stayed not on the order of my going. [Sarcastically.] Believe her to be in earnest!

Sharpe. Did you hear from her again?

Alonzo. One week later, I received a note from her, asking me to call. She said she was sorry she had spoken as she did, but now, after thinking it all over, she was prepared to discuss the matter calmly with me.

Sharpe. Have you that note with you?

Alonzo. I was married when it reached me, and Mrs. Highty-Tighty destroyed it.

Mrs. H.-T. You bet she did. [Bailiff threatens her with

gavel.]

Sharpe. But if you had not been married-

Alonzo. If I had not been married, I should have obeyed Abigail, just as I had always done. I should have gone to her, had she asked that our engagement be renewed, I should have complied with her request, but it would have killed me.

Sharpe. The talented limb of the law who holds down the

prosecuting attorney's chair may now take the witness.

Goodman. Mr. Highty-Tighty, how long a time elapsed between Miss Plummer's dismissal of you, and your marriage?

Alonzo. Nearly twenty-four hours.

Goodman. When you had this conversation with her had you heard of her father's failure?

Sharpe. Objected to as improper cross-examination.

Judge. Objection overruled. Witness may answer question.

Alonzo. I had heard of it, of course, for it was common

talk, but it made absolutely no difference-

Goodman. You are not required to do more than answer my questions. How long before this conversation with Miss Plummer had you heard that the Klondyke property promised to be valuable?

Sharpe. [Rising.] Your Honor, I object. Where is the law that permits the cross-examination of a witness on points not covered in the direct examination? I challenge the attorney for plaintiff to produce such authority.

Judge. In the opinion of the court it is perfectly proper to ask any question that is designed to bring out evidence which would throw light upon this man's motives. The objection

made by attorney for defendant is therefore overruled.

Goodman. Before your confession to Miss Plummer had you heard that the Klondyke property promised to be valuable?

Alonzo. [Reluctantly.] Ye-es. Goodman. How long before?

Alonzo. A day or two.

Goodman. Will you swear that it was two days?

Alonzo. Well, perhaps not two whole days.

Goodman. Will you swear that the letter announcing your good fortune had been in your possession thirty-six hours?

Alonzo. [Sulkily.] I never said there was a letter.

Goodman. But there was. I am prepared to prove it. How long did you wait after receiving it before carrying the good news to the lady to whom you were engaged to be married?

Alonzo. I-I don't remember.

Goodman. So? Why, what's the matter with your memory? Suppose I help you. Now, isn't it a fact that you received that letter in the morning mail, that you immediately went to the home of the lady whom you afterward married, that you took lunch there, and that after lunch you had that conversation with Miss Plummer, every word of which you remember most distinctly?

Alonzo. [After a moment's silence.] Well, it may have

happened that way.

Good nan. Will you swear that it did not happen as I have stated?

Alonzo. [Angrily.] No, I won't. I have told you that I don't remember just how it did happen.

Goodman. Did you tell Miss Plummer of your good fortune?

Alonzo. I don't remember.

Goodman. Did you tell her you had lunch with Miss Briggs?

Alonzo. I don't remember.

Goodman. Your Honor, I haven't the heart to further expose this poor fellow's failing memory. He may be excused, so far as I am concerned.

Sharpe. One moment, please. Mr. Highty-Tighty, will you tell the court how much you have received from your Klondyke

property?

Alonzo. Not a red cent.

Sharpe. And you really do not know whether or not it will ever be valuable?

Alonzo. I hope it will be valuable, but I should hate to give

a guaranty to that effect.

Sharpe. Are you in the habit of feeding your friends on falsehoods ?

Alonzo. No, sir, I am not. Of course, if I had known that t was valuable, I should have told Miss Plummer; but because I did not know, I refrained from mentioning my hopes—

Sharpe. That will do, Mr. Highty-Tighty. [Alonzo takes his seat.] We will now hear from Miss Amelia Oldgirl.

Bailiff. Amelia Oldgirl will now take the witness. Goodman. The witness seems to be regaining his memory.

Amelia obeys.]

Hold up your right hand. Amelia Oldgirl, do you Judge. inderstand the nature of an oath?

Amelia. [Giggling.] Laws, yes. Popper used them all his ife.

Judge. Do you solemnly swear, -notwithstanding the fact it s wicked to swear,—that you will tell the truth while enjoying your innings before this crowd, or break a corset string in the ittempt?

Amelia. [Giggling.] Yes, I swear. Oh, how awfully

unny you are.

Sharpe Miss Oldgirl, you are acquainted with the defendant, ire you not?

Amelia Well I should say so. Lonnie and I are real good riends.

Sharpe. Ever been nearer than friends?

Amelia. Some folks might think so. [Giggles.] But laws, I knew Lon didn't mean anything.

Sharpe. He made love to you, didn't he?

Amelia. [Airily.] Hugged me and kissed me every time he saw me, if no one was looking.

Mrs. H.-T. I don't believe it!

Amelia. Might as well, Mrs. Highty-Tighty. There are girls scattered all over the county who'd tell you the same thing. But laws, Lonnie didn't mean anything by it; it's just his way.

Sharpe. The girls didn't object, did they?

Amelia. Why should they object? It was good pratice for them, and they knew that when the right fellow came along they'd understand just what to do. I never saw a fellow who knew more about hugging and kissing than Lon Highty-Tighty.

Mrs. H.-T. She ought to be arrested for slander.

Amelia. I guess Lonnie hasn't practised much on his wife, else she'd know there wasn't any slander in that. [Witnesses laugh.]

Bailiff. Order, order! Confound a woman's tongue,

anyhow!

Sharpe. Have you ever talked about Lonnie's methods of hugging and kissing with other girls?

Amelia. Oh dozens of times.

Sharpe. And they all understood that he didn't mean any

thing by his little attentions?

Amelia. All of my friends understood it. I have heard that some girls took him seriously, but I never happened to meet any of them except Abigail Plummer and Lucy Webber. Why, we didn't think any more of kissing Lon Highty-Tighty than we did of kissing our poodles. [Suppressed laughter. Alonzo looks indignant.]

Sharpe. Witness is ready for cross-examination.

Goodman. I have no questions. [Amelia takes seat.]

Sharpe. Miss Mercy Love.

Bailiff. Mercy Love will now take the witness stand.

[Mercy obeys.]

Judge. Mercy Love, hold up your right hand. [Obeys.] As you believe in Jack's Sprat's inability to partake of fat, and the cow's performance in jumping over the moon, do you solemnly swear to steer clear of falsehood while undergoing the coming examination?

Mercy. [Sharply.] I do.

Sharpe. Miss Love, are you personally acquainted with Miss Jane Walsh?

Mercy. I am.

Sharpe. What is her reputation for truth and veracity in the neighborhood where she lives?

Mercy. Pretty good when there's nothing at stake. Sharpe. But when there is something at stake?

Mercy. Wouldn't believe her under oath.

Jane. [Starting forward.] You wouldn't, hey? Well, you'll change your mind before I get through with you. [Bailiff catches Jane and forces her into her seat, amidst great excitement; then he rushes frantically back to his desk, picks up his gavel, and calls for order.]

Sharpe. You heard the testimony given in this court by Miss

Walsh with respect to Mr. Highty-Tighty-

Mercy. All bosh. She wanted Highty-Tighty, herself, and hated Abigail until he married another girl.

Jane. She ought to be burned alive.

Abigail. In hot oil.

Bailiff. Order! [Works his mouth violently, in a vain at-

tempt to repeat the word.]

Judge. [To Bailiff.] If you can't keep order in this court room, you must clear the room of all witnesses who are not actually testifying. [Bailiff becomes desperate and, catching up the gag, starts for Jane, who does not see him coming.]

Jane. I won't leave this room, Judge Wright, while that old Sapphira is telling lies about me. [Shakes her fist at Mercy.] I'm going to have her up for slander. I'm—I'm—[Bailiff comes up behind Jane and gags her, while the trial proceeds.]

Goodman. I protest against the admission of all this testimony and move that it be stricken out. The admissions made by Mr. Highty-Tighty, himself, sufficiently corroborate the testimony of Miss Walsh, and nothing whatever is to be gained by this base attempt to impeach her.

Sharpe. Your Honor, he calls me base. Must I be patient

under insult while in this court-room?

Judge. The attorneys on both sides must confine themselves to moderate language, moderately expressed, or be fined for contempt of court. The examination of the witness may proceed.

Sharpe. Miss Love, are you also personally acquainted with Miss Lucy Webber?

Mercy. I am.

Sharpe. You heard her testimony in this court-room, did you not?

Mercy. I did.

Sharpe. Well?
Mercy. Wouldn't believe her under oath. [Growing excitement in court room.] Lon Highty-Tighty might have flirted with her—any man could who wants to—but no man who knows her is fool enough to confide in her. Lon might have hugged her, but he never told her any of his hopes or plans. [Excitement grows more intense. Mercy sits unmoved, with impassive countenance. Bailiffrubs his jaws and throat, but fails to articulate the word order, and grows quite apopletic in appearance. He waves his gavel as if he were a bandleader, beating time, and jumps up and down in frantic des-

Judge. Bailiff, clear this court room, at once. [Speaks in thundering tones, and pounds his desk, knocking the tumbler to the floor. Bailiff makes a supreme effort, and finally succeeds in crying order, but in a funny cracked voice.] Witness is excused. [Mercy takes her seat.] We will spend no more time on witnesses. We will now hear the attorneys' arguments, and those who become disorderly shall be promptly arrested for contempt of court--arrested for contempt of court. Do you hear? Arrested for contempt of court. This includes spectators as well as witnesses. With a stern glance over the

audience.] Now, don't let me hear another snicker.

Sharpe. [Rising.] I shall take but little of your valuable time, your Honor, for I feel that my client need not fear injustice at your hands. This is too evident an attempt to obtain money to be seriously considered as a case of damaged affections. This woman of forty years of age deliberately laid her plans to marry a man ten years younger than herself,-the man who had all his life regarded her as an elder sister or second mother. A man does not expect his female relatives to regard his endearments in the light of serious matrimonial intentions, and this man, thinking of this woman only as one who had taught him how to eat, to walk, to talk, is not to be censured because he failed to see that his foster-mother was preparing to marry him. When, however, he did become aware of the awful truth, no man could have behaved more gallantly. Without thought of the fearful sacrifice he was about to make, he allowed himself to be caught in the trap of this woman to whom friendship is but another name for conquest, and preparations were made to carry out her plans. But Fate willed otherwise, The high sense of honor with which he has been endowed compelled him to lay bare every secret of his heart before the woman whom he had asked to bear his name. He did by her

exactly as he would have had her do by him, and while the result was not as he had anticipated, it was just as kindly Fate meant it should be. In a fit of ungovernable rage, his affianced bride sent him from her, declaring that she never wished to see his face again. He took her at her word. It is what she had taught him to do from the beginning. He had always obeyed her, and he strove to do so now. A week passed, during which she earned that it was sometimes possible to obtain large sums of money by suing for breach of promise; she also learned that certain Klondyke properties were considered valuable, and so this suit was begun. Witnesses were secured, -how, it is not worth while to ask, -but it has been shown in what way their testimony is regarded by those who know them well. The testimony brought out shows the affectionate, confiding nature of my client. Like most men who have been brought up by women, he loves them, believes in them, caresses them, and confides in them. Until this bitter experience, he knew nothing, whatever, of their cat-like natures. Your Honor, think what it would mean to any man with one iota of manliness in his nature to be obliged to spend his life as the husband of a woman ten years older than himself,-a woman who looks upon him as her mission—something to be reformed and made over—and it will not be difficult for you to judge this case on its merits, and to congratulate my client on his escape from so hideous a fate.

Goodman. [Rising.] Your Honor, I stand here in behalf of suffering womanhood. I stand here opposed to that large and ever-increasing class of men who gloat over the hearts they have broken, as the Indian gloats over the bloody scalp-locks he has snatched from the heads of his shrieking victims. testimony submitted by this man-flirt and his friends strikes me as a rank insult to intelligence. He poses as a dear little boy, who always minds his mother, but he forgets that the most obedient of little boys become their mother's protectors at the age of thirty years. Alonzo Highty-Tighty engaged himself to Abigail Plummer because her father was, at that time, able to support him in idleness. He broke the engagement when he no longer needed help from that source. For a long time he had been flirting with his present wife-just as he flirted with all other unmarried women whom he met, until he could ascertain the state of their finances. The girl's father had gone to the Klondyke with him and they were partners. When their mining claims seemed valueless, he contented himself with flirting with the young lady; when it promised well, he broke his engagement to Miss Plummer, and married his partner's

daughter. He may have loved her more than he did Miss Plummer and he may not. The chances are that he figured on uniting the mining interests, with a view of becoming sole owner at no very distant day. [Great excitement.] I have nothing further to say. Here is the man; you can see him for yourself, and you have heard his pitifully weak story. You can also see the lady who has given the best years of her life in a vain attempt to make a man of one who was born to be a monkey. It is to be regretted that she wished to go on with her efforts in his behalf, but her motives were certainly disinterested, and had she succeeded, she would have been, to a certain extent, a benefactor to the human race. She was deprived of this, to her, inestimable privilege, and her heart is broken. I have done what I could; the rest lies with you. [Sits.]

Mrs. H.-T. Alonzo! If you don't thrash that man this in-

stant, I shall believe he tells the truth.

Mrs. P. Three cheers for Goodman! [Witnesses cheer and hiss. Bailiff calls order in most pathetic tones, running about, and sobbing aloud because he is not obeyed. The Judge rises, swelling with importance, and stands gazing around the court room in a most dramatic manner. Gradually the witnesses see him, and fall back into their seats, speechless with awe. The room becomes very quiet, and all

gaze at him in open-mouthed reverence.]

Judge. Be quiet. Be quiet, little, excitable children. I am about to speak. I am about to decide this case-Plummer vs. Highty-Tighty-and when I have finished speaking, nothing further need be said. Justice will reign among us-the longsought justice upon which there are no flies. The evidence brought before me convinces me that Alonzo Highty-Tighty did repent himself of his act, his crazy act, in engaging himself to Abigail Plummer, and so he broke the engagement before the tragedy of marriage could take place. Therein he showed wisdom, wisdom, I say, albeit it was the unconscious wisdom of the jackass. He married a girl who must be a greater fool than he is, else she would have had nothing to do with him, and therein he again acted with that blind instinct which he shares with the beast. He has bettered his condition, and he can afford to pay for it. I say, he can afford to pay for it. As for the plaintiff, her plea of damaged affections is simply not to be considered. They are ridiculous. The real article, when damaged, cannot be mended by filthy lucre. What Abigail wants is money to clear the mortgage off the old homestead, and

this is the only way she could see of obtaining it. [To Goodman.] By the way, how much is that mortgage?

Goodman. About four thousand dollars.

Mrs. P. [Eagerly.] Four thousand, three hundred and fifty. Judge. The man-flirt is a blot on nature. He should be made to pay so dearly for his fun that few of his class could afford to indulge in so base an amusement. There should be a society for the suppression of the man-flirt. Designing females are no better. Now, listen. You are to hear a verdict that will bring my name, Esquire Daniel Webster Wright, to the attention of thousands of admirers. I shall go down to posterity as an example of righteous wisdom, and you must not miss one word of my verdict. [Dramatic pause.] I declare that Alonzo Highty-Tighty shall pay to Abigail Plummer the sum of four housand, three hundred and fifty dollars and seven and onehalf cents. The seven and one-half cents, my hearers, the seven and one-half cents I award for the damaged affections. [Abigail and her mother fall into each other's arms. Friends fan Mr. and Mrs. Highty-Tighty.]

Bailiff. Hear ye, good people! The time for adjournment has arrived. [Characters all begin talking excitedly together,

and curtain falls.]

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